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872 177 leisurely; Vesnor did not drive those who came of their own volition. Nevertheless, this method of bringing children to school seemed wholly unnecessary, if not cruel.

"Why do you drive them?" I protested. "They should come to school without that."

"I no bring, swim in creek all day. I got no time to fool," came his indignant answer.

Vesnor's method of maintaining an average attendance of seventy-one out of an enrollment of seventy-two doubtless had been instituted by a former teacher, and must have grown out of necessity. I decided not to change it until I became better acquainted with conditions governing school attendance.

[157] The children were timid, but wholesome and obedient and gifted with a pleasing native charm for they had come in contact with almost no white people except those employed at the school. [142] Their complexions were light, because most of their day was without sunshine. They came to school with faces cleanly scrubbed, [616] hair sleek and often still dripping wet, and wearing clean uniforms. They had that beautiful stream, while the Walapai had only the water the women carried a long distance in cans or in woven bottles suspended from straps across their foreheads. Very [342] noticeable, too, was the effect of their permanent homes compared to the temporary shacks in which their cousin tribe lived. We allowed these children to wear their school uniforms home, where they folded them neatly and laid them over a pole near the ceiling of the house before they dashed out to play in the stream. What a relief it was—no faces to wash, no hair to comb, no sores to treat, no bath day!

Finally seventy-one children had crowded into the room (built to accommodate forty-six!). All—except Lucy. There was a suspicious silence when I called her name. The children stared at me with their honest eyes, but refused to explain her absence. So I read them a story and we sang songs until the room was light enough for study.

Recess gave us a breath of fresh air out under the trees. And

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its equivalent he might have had by being kind and complaisant to the desires of the young couple.

The Havasupais are polygamists, and believe in having as many wives as they can buy and support. At the time of his death Kohot Navaho had three wives living with him, and I personally know of two others that he had discarded on account of old age. When Hotouta, his oldest son, was living, his mother was a thrust-out member of Navaho's household. She was almost blind and decrepit, and Navaho with a wave of his hand and ten words had dismissed her from his bed and board. Hotouta had a tender heart and used to speak very bitterly about the injustice of this custom which allowed an old and helpless wife thus mercilessly to be discarded.

Shortly before Navaho's death his oldest wife evidently "ruled the roost," and it certainly must have been by other means than her physical beauty. And yet she was vain of her good looks, for, when I made her husband's photograph, she became my strong ally in persuading him to sit before the camera, on condition that I would make a "sun-picture" of her own beautiful physiognomy and enchanting *tout ensemble*. When I made the photograph, she secured her petticoats between her legs in such a manner as to make them appear like rude trousers, and when I commented upon the unfeminine appearance and asked her to spread out her skirts in orthodox style, she boxed my ears with a manner at once decisive, haughty, and jocular, and bade me proceed as she was or not at all. The second wife was a meek kind of a creature, who seemed to be entirely under the dominion of wife number one; but the youngest wife, a buxom woman of twenty-three

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595 or four summers, evidently knew how to hold her own,
157 for she once or twice refused to obey wife number one, though she readily obeyed the same request when given by Navaho personally. This woman is now married to my old host, Waluthama.

582 Marriage with a white man is unknown among the
684 Havasupais, and unlawful cohabitation with one is punishable by death.

582 The question of marrying is becoming a more serious one with the Havasupais each year. While occasionally a man will marry a Wallapai squaw, there is a strong sentiment against marriage outside of the tribe. Yet the number of the tribe is so small, and intermarriage has so long been carried on between them, that it is no uncommon thing for a young man or woman to be debarred from choice in marriage. At the present time Gōō-fwho's son can marry but one girl in the whole tribe without violating their own laws of consanguinity, about which no people are more particular.

622 The present Head Chief — Kohot — of the tribe is
156 Man-a-ka-cha, a heavily built man, who is popular with the younger element. But he suffers much in comparison with the former Kohot, Navaho, who died in 1898.

[142] Kohot Navaho's was a strong face, marked and furrowed with bearing the cares of his little nation. A firm chin, powerful nose, gentle mouth, courageous forehead, eyes which were once fiery as well as piercing, but of late years had little of their primitive fire, — these gave a key to his character, in which firmness, courage, bravery, and gentle tenderness were commingled. His whole demeanor was of dignity and pride. No Euro-

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437 could ever find a purchaser, and partially at myself for being so foolish as to want to carry it away. But I obtained some fine specimens, though much worn, of the workmanship I desired, so could afford to be very complaisant at the derision I aroused.

• 157 The Havasupai is one of the most jolly, frolicsome, and light-hearted of mortals. With his stomach full he 181 has no cares, and he goes into fun with a zest and energy that are pleasing. He is fond beyond measure of practical jokes, — when he is not the victim, — and cares very little who suffers so long as he can obtain fun. Consequently if one meets with a misfortune, especially a laughable one, he need expect little, if any, sympathy in Havasu Canyon.

They are a singular mixture of frankness and cunning, of honor and deception, of truth and frankness, of reliability and untrustworthiness. They will as deliberately and coolly lie to a white man about anything and everything — if it suits their purpose — as they will [55 tell the truth. Ask a man his name — an insult, by 57] the way — and he will lie to you, even though you are a good friend; as, for instance, when, after being the guest of "Supai Charley" for several days, I quietly and without seeming intent asked him his name, which I knew to be Wa-lu-tha-ma, that I might send him some gifts I had promised. For a few moments he hesitated, and then said "Qu-ar-ri" — a Wallapai name that has no relation to the Havasus whatever. Sinyela was full of deception, and yet, when a friend told him he might catch one of his horses and ride it so far, and we reached that point and I suggested to him that he take the pony forward and leave it at the designated spot on his return, he would not listen to it for a moment.

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They are petty thieves, but years of experience have taught me that they could not be persuaded to engage in larceny on a grander scale. One of my first experiences in this line was to have some little thing taken from my camp many years ago (I forget now what it was). Immediately I sent for Hotouta, and told him the article must be returned. In a few hours the boy thief (now a hang-dog looking buck) came and brought back the article.

On my last visit, coffee and candy were taken from my sacks at Wa-lu-tha-ma's hawa, and three necklaces which I had taken as presents for some of the children. I spoke angrily to my host of his negligence to protect my goods when they were in his care, and, as for the necklaces, said if they were not returned by morning I should complain to the agent, and have the thief discovered and punished. Long before sunrise in the morning the necklaces were returned.

There is a good deal of craft about some of them. For a long time Captain Jim and a few others had wished to have a road or trail made around Hue-gli-i-wa that would make it less dangerous, and add much to the comfort of the people, who lived both above and below this spot, when they wished to visit each other. For years nothing was done. But when, this year, he took the matter up again, he did it in a round-about way that won success. He urged that an invitation be sent to the leading horsemen of the Wallapais to bring their best horses and come and run races with them. The Wallapais accepted the invitation. Now was Captain Jim's opportunity for the display of his finesse. He casually suggested to some of the most ardent racers that the way to beat the Wallapais was to make a race-track

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157 181 541 571 499

just the same as the white men did, and, when it was completed, train their horses to run on it until they were so familiar with it that, when the Wallapais came, they would be able to take all the advantages this additional knowledge would give. The suggestion worked like a charm. It was Tom Sawyer's woodpile over again. The young men waited on the Kohot, Manakacha, and asked permission to cut a road a mile long through the middle portion of the canyon. The only place where this could be done was just where Captain Jim desired the road. He was appointed to see that the work was properly done, and the first few days of my visit were enlivened by the echoing roars of the powder explosions that were set off. When I went down to the lower part of the village it was over the new and completed road, a full mile in length, and well cut out and graded. Such a consummation was devoutly to be wished, and while races are not an unmixed good, one could tolerate them the easier for the Havasupais if they would always be the means of accomplishing such desirable ends.

157 181

The Havasupais are far from being dull and stupid, as casual observers suppose. They can see the point of things as quickly as some of their white neighbors. For instance; I have elsewhere, in my Grand Canyon book, told how Silver, Hotouta's fine horse, was given to Mr. Bass. This horse has always been an object of envy to some of the young men of the tribe. Mr. Bass also bought from Sinyela a red mule of some of my exciting experiences. Having once had possession of this mule was in itself an overpowering temptation to those Indians, who, in the days of Sinyela's ownership, had been permitted to ride it. Consequently Mr. Bass

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was often annoyed by finding, on his return from an absence of a few days, that Silver and the mule, one or both, had been taken from the pasture and ridden by the Indians. When he completed his trail across the river and finally established the ferry that bears his name — the only ferry, by the way, across the Grand Canyon, and the only one on the Colorado River between Lee's Ferry and the one below the mouth of the canyons — he decided to swim Silver and the mule across the river and keep them for use on the north side. When this was done Chickapanagie was present. With a twinkle in his eye he said: "Bass heap sopogie (understand). Havasupai no ride 'em Silvern, and Red Mule no more."

There is wide diversity in the attitude different members of the tribe hold towards the whites. Some are friendly, others openly hostile and ugly, while others merely receive strangers on sufferance as a necessary evil, useful for the purchase of baskets and such other things as they may have to dispose of.

Manakacha was elected to his kohot-ship because the majority of the men were in favor of keeping out the whites from Havasu Canyon, and he was ever averse to the white man.

Those, however, who are friendly, are good and true friends, as those who knew Hotouta, Spotty, and others who are gone can testify.

Spotty was a genial, kindly soul, with whom I had various dealings. He was intelligent and reliable in his intercourse with me, though a medicine-man and ready to dispense charms, incantations, and native medicines on the slightest pecuniary provocation. On one of my early trips to Havasu I negligently overlooked

six small children of her own and for her aged mother, paid little attention to him beyond feeding and clothing him. He received some expression of affection from his grandfather, but, upon such occasions, his uncle, who was the same age, showed jealousy. The little boy was picked on by his slightly older uncles, but the grandparents interfered verbally if they noticed the situation, or if the small victim cried. The little boy's blind and nearly helpless great-grandmother, sitting on some rags beside the cooking fire, seemed aware of his plight, for whenever she heard him crying or protesting, she extended her arms in the direction of this voice, and in response to her call, he would take refuge in her arms, seeming to find solace in the clasp of her withered hands for a few moments. Two years later, when the boy's mother married the father of her next child, he went to live with his mother and stepfather in a Hopi village. There, his mother treated him affectionately and expressed concern over the problem of his adjustment to the new environment. "It's hard for him here," she said, "when he's just learning the language and he's different from all the other children." (The boy's own father also was said to be a Hopi). [586] When this marriage ended in divorce, the boy with his mother returned to her people, where he lived alternately with his mother, his grandparents, or other relatives. 848 603

When grandparents assume responsibility for an illegitimate child, they may do so merely because the child is left with them against their wishes. In the case cited above, the grandmother strongly disapproved of her daughter's "running around with boys," so the daughter left home to avoid frequent quarreling with her mother. The little boy was left with his grandmother because there was no one else to care for him while his mother was working and dating. His grandmother complained to the boy's mother that she was neglecting him unnecessarily, and tried to persuade her to pay more attention to the boy.

Grandparents who voluntarily assume responsibility for an illegitimate child appear concerned lest the child be lost to their kinship group. Also, they may be interceding temporarily in the hope that the child's mother later will awaken to her responsibility. Mothers who abandon or show little concern for their illegitimate offspring may do so because of emotional immaturity, because of a greater interest in finding a husband than in playing the role of mother or because of economic factors. Occasionally, an illegitimate child is the ward of an aunt or of a more distant relative.

Other children taunt an illegitimate child saying, "Where is your father?" [578] An informant remarked that illegitimate children "are always mean," but observation failed to substantiate this. Perhaps fellow tribesmen are especially cognizant of aggressive or belligerent behavior shown by an illegitimate child. [157] Illegitimate children appear to have no constellation of personality traits clearly differentiated from those of legitimate children, but data obtained are too incomplete to support a conclusive statement at this time.

The reason given for avoiding the company of this girl was not her alleged prostitution. It was explained, instead, that she caused trouble and said cruel things to them whenever she was present. It is entirely possible that the other girls in reality considered her their rival for masculine attention, and because of her greater popularity, they had banded together against her. 883 578 156 208

Another more pointed example of united public opinion centering on the unpopularity of a woman is that of a widow in middle age. She seemingly feels that most of her fellow tribesmen are persecuting her. She is commonly viewed by the Havasupai as a troublemaker, and her presence is undesired but is tolerated by most of the tribe. This woman is described as having been antisocial from early childhood. Other children treated her with indifference or tolerance, and eventually taunted her for her strange behavior. Today, she considers herself superior to her fellow tribesmen in social conduct. She is given to aggressive and abusive verbal behavior which is largely ignored by others until it reaches a point that can no longer be tolerated. On fence posts and elsewhere about the canyon village area, obscenities have been written coupling names of various young people. These are credited to her authorship. The mother of one girl whose name had been seen in numerous places told the investigator without anger or perceptible excitement that "-----writes all those things, and no one pays any attention to what she writes because we all know she does it." The informant shook her head and added that she could not understand why the woman in question behaved as she did. 158 589 [931]

This widow's behavior is tolerated among her fellow tribesmen seemingly without animosity, although she appears to have no close friends. On the whole, other women appear to treat her kindly and do not take advantage of her. However, she is occasionally baited or teased by the young men. People generally avoid conflict with her whenever possible.

There are in the tribe perhaps two or three other women who have few friends, who are considered difficult to get along with, or who bear strong antagonisms toward a few individuals. Other women, as a rule, avoid trouble with such a person by associating with her as little as possible. Even women of this reputation, however, have their own circles of relatives or close friends, sometimes outside the Havasupai tribe, with whom they do maintain pleasant social relations. 156 157 579 572

Although antagonisms which have arisen over land disputes, or other issues of a serious nature, in a few instances continue to be borne by the disputants, as a general rule grudges are not lasting. Most quarrels are quickly forgotten and injuries are forgiven. 578

Quarrels of a serious character between women usually concern rivalry for the affections of a particular man. A second source of trouble is